

The Politick Maid of SUFFOLK.

OR, The L A W Y E R Outwitted.



COME, all ye young men and maids,
Of high and low degree,
Or you that love a merry jest,
Give ear awhile to me.
I'd have you give attention
To what I have to tell,
Then hear it out, I do not doubt
Twill please you wondrous well.
'Tis of a wealthy lawyer
That did in Suffolk dwell,
He kept a handsome house-keeper,
Her name was called Nell.
He kiss'd and press'd her o'er and o'er,
As I to you may tell,
'Till her apron grew too short before,
Alas! poor Nell.
It happen'd on a certain night,
As they were lying in bed,
She wept, she wa'l'd, she rung her hands,
And thus to him she said,
My virgin rose you stole away,
O! wed me, sir, said she:

Or I, like other girls, may say,
Oh! woe is me.
He frait gave her a loving kiss,
Without any more delay:
He took her by the lilly-white hand,
And thus to her did say,
I wish old Nick may fetch me frait
(A woeful tale to tell).
It ever I prove false to thee,
My dearest Nell.
Thus with joys, and Venus' toys,
They pass'd away the time,
'Till seven months were gone and past,
(But two left out of nine)
Then from his service turn'd her quite,
As I to you may tell;
All for the sake of a lady bright.
Alas! poor Nell.
But when she found she was deceiv'd,
She wept and tore her hair.
And cry'd, There's no belief in man,
It plainly doth appear.

Oh! how could you so cruel be,
Thus to trapan my heart?
But I will be reveng'd on him,
Before that we do part.
It happen'd on a certain time,
She liv'd a mile from town:
And this lawyer would every night
Take a walk to her from home.
Forgetting of his former vows,
As I to you may tell,
Thus longing for a richer spouse,
He left poor Nell.
As Nell was sitting all alone,
Lamenting of her fate,
A project came into her head,
Which made her laugh out-right.
Thought she, I'll make myself as black
As any devil in Hell,
And watch some night for his coming home.
Sing, O brave Nell.
She to a chimney-sweeper went.
And there a bargain made,
For to have his footy cloaths,
And furthermore she said,
If then this counsel you'll but take,
A guinea I'll give to thee.
Then let your little boy but
Come along with me.
She having learn'd the lad his tale,
Thus unto him did say,
Now do you act your part aright,
Here's half a-crown for thee.
Having stuff'd some squibs of gun-powder
And all appear'd right well,
To frighten her master the lawyer.
Sing, O brave Nell.
And coming to a lonesome wood,
Without any more delay,
The which adjoining to a road,
That the lawyer must come by.
With a pair of ram's horns on her head,
In a lonesome place stood she,
But as for black, the sweeper's boy,
She plac'd him under a tree.
It was just about the hour of one,
As for a truth we hear.
The lawyer he came trudging home,
From the courtship of his dear.
And stepping o'er to shun the dirt,
As I to you do tell.

She quickly caught him by the coat.
Sing, O brave Nell.
Then with a doleful hollow voice
She unto him did say,
According to your wish I come
To fetch you hence away.
She said, You must along with me
Down to my gloomy cell,
Except to-morrow by break of day,
You wed poor Nell.
With that the chimney-sweepers boy
Set fire to the train,
Which flew and crack'd about his ears,
And made him roar amain.
Dear Mr. Devil, spare me now,
And mind but what I tell,
And I to-morrow by break of day
Will wed poor Nell.
Well, look you, the devil cry'd,
Or mind what I do say,
Do you see that little devil
That sits by yonder tree.
If ever you offer to break your vow.
As sure as Hell is Hell,
That little devil shall fetch you,
If you slight poor Nell.
The lawyer he went trembling home,
In a most dreadful fright,
Right early in the morning,
As soon as it was light,
With trembling joints and staring eyes,
With looks both wan and pale,
He came to her with an humble voice,
Good-morrow, dear Nell.
With kisses and embraces
She granted her consent:
And having got a licence
Unto the church they went.
Where he made her his lawful wife,
As for a truth I tell,
And now they live a happy life.
Sing, O brave Nell.
She never told to friend nor foe
The trick which she had play'd,
'Till eight or nine weeks after,
When she was brought to-bed.
She told it at her gossiping,
Which pleas'd the wenches well.
Her husband laugh'd, and thus reply'd,
'Twas well done, Nell.

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